

RICK SULLIVAN'S

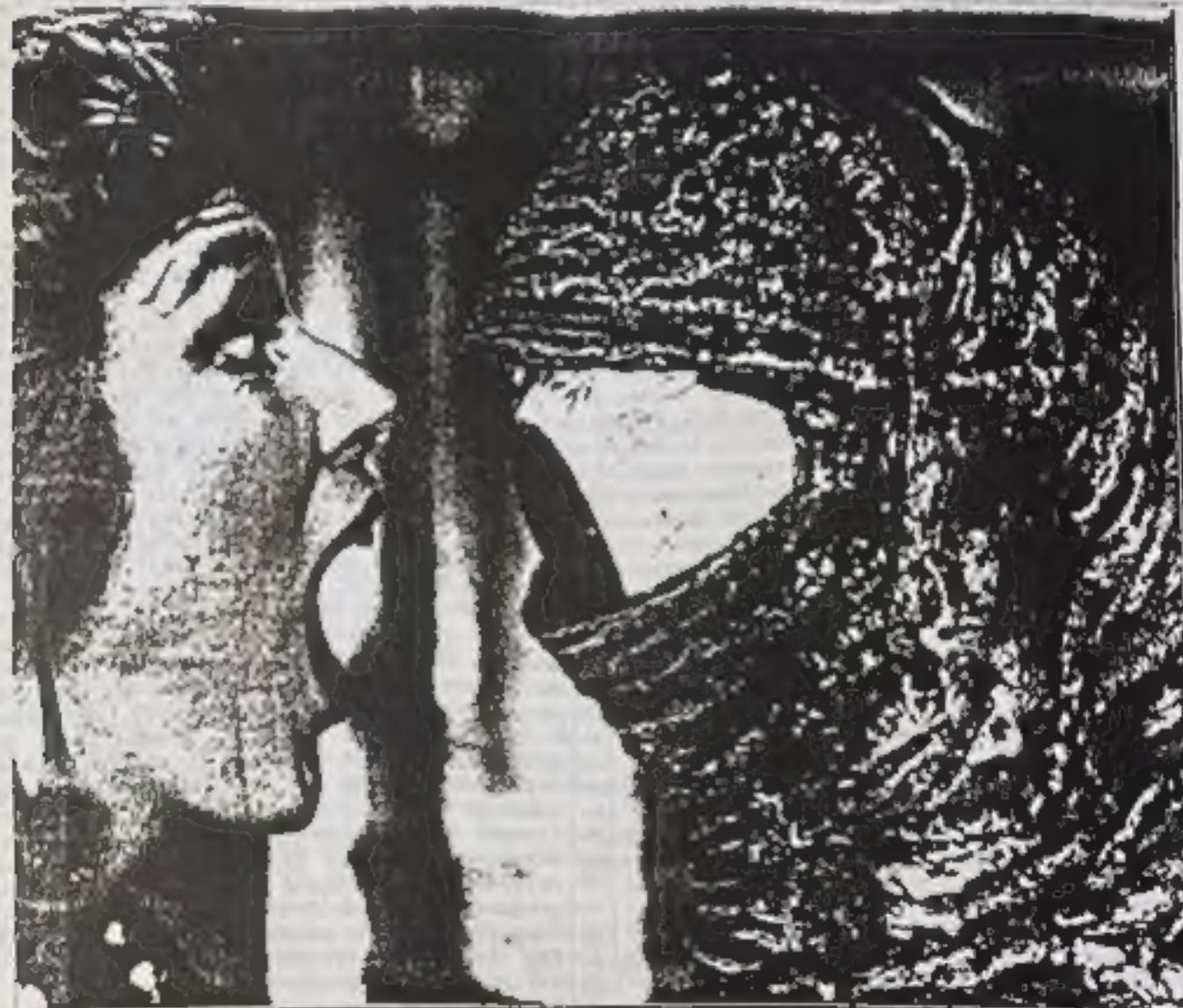
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GORE GAZETTE

50¢

YOUR GUIDE TO HORROR, EXPLOITATION & SLEAZE

No. 81



THE ABOVE FRIGHTENED FEMALE REALIZES SHE'S BITTEN OFF MORE THAN SHE CAN CHEW BY PROPOSITIONING THIS FINALLIC INTERPLANETARY INVADER FROM TERRORVISION, THE NEWEST EMPIRE PICTURES GORE OFFERING THAT OPENS ON FEBRUARY 14 (VALENTINE'S DAY) TO THE NY METRO AREA. FEMALE GOREROUNDS SHOULD BE WARY OF THIS CRITTER, AS HE'S SURE TO HAVE A HEART ATTACK FOR YOU WHEN HE KIDS TOWN !!!

Film industry forecasters who are constantly sounding the death knell for the popularity of the horror/exploitation cycle really found their feet in their mouths this month as nearly a dozen of the so-called "sub-par entertainment attempts" filled the screens of the NY metropolitan area over the past four weeks, many faring better at the box office than current overblown Hollywood megabuck extravaganzas. Researchers should realize that sleazemongers like us will never settle for only top-quality entertainment and that as long as there are those who'll shell out 60 centavos for this rag, there will always be legions of faceless masses willing to plunk down 5 bucks for the newest serving of low budget sludge. Variety, Boxoffice and Hollywood Reporter-- Can the pessimism, boys!

THE ANNIHILATORS-- With the current level of **RAMPOMANIA** at fever pitch and the never-waning popularity of Charles Bronson-esque **DEATHWISH** spinoffs, it was inevitable that some low budget huckster would step in and try and blend the two into a fast-buck quickie. Enter Charles E. Sellier, ex-Suna Classics alumnus (**IN SEARCH OF NOAH'S ARC**, etc.) who has done just that with this lurid little tale of a group of Vietnam veterans who arrive at a rural Atlanta, Ga. suburb to avenge their crippled buddy's death at the hands of a group of ruthless drug-dealing redneck punks. These creeps hold the entire town in the throes of terror until burnt out ex-TV husband Christopher Stone (Mr. Dee Wallace), Lawrence Hilton-Jacobs (**WELCOME BACK KOTTER**) and company instruct the townsfolk in defense combat techniques and rally them to oust the oppressors. Along the way, Sellier packs **THE ANNIHILATORS**' terse 84 minutes with some truly demented violence including a woman being stripped, raped and gutted while doing her grocery shopping, the aforementioned handicapped vet having his brains smashed in by a meat tenderizer and even an old bag lady assaulted while rummaging through garbage. The punks, led by the fabulously psychotic Roy Boy Jagger, are so mean that they even smash little kids' toys in the street! All this leads to the inevitable blood-drenched showdown at the finale and a twist ending that is unfortunately telegraphed early on in the film, leaving **THE ANNIHILATORS** a slightly-marred, yet commendable sleaze entry that sure gets 1986 rolling with a bang!

THE ALCHEMIST-- Long before he formed his current low budget factory outlet, Empire Pictures, schlockmeister Charles Band was involved in the production of this directionless mess which sat on lab shelves since 1981 and probably should have remained there indefinitely. The nearly incomprehensible plot kicks off in 1871 when an obviously

drug-addled Robert Glaty catches him fooling around with a local wizard/ and accidentally kills her in an ensue, argument. The alchemist then whams Glaty with the curse (?) of eternal life. From there, the action then inexplicably moves to 1955 where the still-youthful Robert lives as a hermit in the woods with his (now) 90 year old daughter and is haunted by the presence of Lucinda Dooling, a waitress who looks exactly like his 19th century spouse. If this trite plot sounds dull and contrived in print, it is even more agonizing to actually sit through, the flick's short 84 minutes seeming to last an eternity. Since **THE ALCHEMIST** was made long before Band struck up a relationship with master creature craftsman John Buechler (**GHOULIES**, **DUNGEONMASTER**), the rubber-faced demons sent up from hell by the alchemist at the climax laughably look like third-rate art school projects, entrenching the flick even deeper in the dung heap. Though the new year is only four weeks old, **THE ALCHEMIST** is sure to remain a frontrunner for the title of worst film of the year. To be avoided at all costs!

THE PIT-- Filmed back in 1983 and then only released regionally by New World Pictures, this kinky epic popped up as a second feature throughout the area over the past few months supporting other New World toplineers. The wild plot involves a sexually-obsessed pre-pubescent 11 year old boy who is constantly caught peering in windows at older naked women or groping his babysitters for a cheap feel. His perverted nature brands him an outcast from his peers and while walking in the woods alone one day he discovers a large pit full of carnivorous gremlins. The kid begins stealing money to buy meat scraps for his new pals, but soon the creatures' appetites become too large for his budget and he is forced to begin luring his tormentors to the pit where they are subsequently pushed in and devoured by the ravenous demons. Director Lew Lehman is truly one sick puppy, sporadically alternating **THE PIT** between being an unhealthy portrait of a lonely pre-teen voyeur and a down and dirty entrail-munching monster-on-the-loose saga, leaving most viewers left slackjawed somewhere in between. Gorehounds should try and sideline this perplexity and enjoy the abundant nudity, graphic (though infrequent) gore and overall depravity of this quirky, original gem. **THE PIT** is highly recommended and is currently available on videocassette.

BLACK MOON RISING-- In a bid to establish themselves as a major movie production entity, New World Pictures is escalating their film budgets on a grand scale, but

Unfortunately they still rely on the same endless comic book plots that ex-MH honcho Roger Corman used to base his old \$1.98 action quickies. The result on this film is that they end up with a glossy, hi-tech \$10 million plus seamless gem that makes about as much sense as DEATHRACE 2000 or CANNONBALL without being half as much fun. Tommy Lee Jones is a sleazy mercenary working for the U.S. Prosecutor's Office who steals an accounting tape from a corrupt Las Vegas racketeering mob. When cornered later on by some of the mob's security thugs, he stashes the tape behind the license plate of the Black Moon, a sleek racing prototype of a car that runs on ordinary tap water. The tangled plot is then gnarled further by pro car thief Linda Hamilton (THE TERMINATOR) stealing the Black Moon and hiding it in the high-rise fortress of master criminal Robert Vaughn who heads up an international stolen car ring from behind the console of a billion dollar computer network. The balance of the flick's overlong 100 minutes is made up of Jones trying to crash the complex and retrieve his tape while avoiding mob goons, CIA strongarms, Vaughn's assassins, the car's real owners and still finding time to bed down Hamilton on the side. Former terror master John Carpenter was slated to direct and write the screenplay for this turkey, but wisely backed out after numerous production delays and script rewrites. (His name remains on the film's credits as chief screenwriter although he understandably denies it.) Bloodshed and nudity are almost non-existent here, with only a few well-staged violent brawls between Jones and bonehead band PEARL singer Lee Ving being of any interest to by-then-already-bored gorehounds. As such, BLACK MOON RISING is a large scale failure whose grandiose budget could have spawned 10 other vastly more entertaining exploitation potboilers were they made under the auspices of a wise old pennypinching master like Corman.

and run over his fl man with a pick-up truck. This revenge includes a bloodbath of throat-slitting, stabbing, eye-gouging, bludgeoning, death star hurling, bone crunching and axing, culminating with a chainsaw fight in a sawmill that should send gorehounds howling with glee. No matter how much you think you despise kung-fu epics, PRAY FOR DEATH is so violent that it will win you over even if your parents were killed at Pearl Harbor. See it today!

IGOR AND THE LUNATICS- NY's own Fromm Releasing, scourge of the G.C. FOR 1984's SPLATTEN UNIVERSITY mis-quote scam, returns once again with a new independent pick-up that they've retitled and devised a mis-leading ad campaign for in hopes of grabbing a few quick bucks at the 42nd St. box office. Filmed back in 1983 under the title of BLOODSHED, IGOR spins the convoluted tale of a murdering hippie cult circa 1968 whose leader Paul Byron preaches a twisted quasi-religious philosophy that involves the ceremonial mutilation of non-believing females and complete sexual fulfillment at any man's whim. Eventually, they are carted off to jail for their crimes and the flick moves up 13 years to the present as Byron is released from prison and re-unites with Igor, his maniacal executioner. Together they pick up their old habits, (slaughtering female hitchhikers, etc.) until they are thwarted by a Vietnam vet and an ex-cult member now turned newscaster. IGOR is amateurishly embarrassing in the extreme, with a grainy look and a shaky hand-held camera that almost resembles a super 8 high school project, with hammy non-professional actors demeaning the flick even worse. Furthermore, Mary Ann Schacht (the film's heroine) is ugly beyond belief; her sitted-out face and huge fat ass evoking audience pity everytime she appears on screen. Most of the film's violence and depravity is suggested, with almost no gore displayed in the film, so the only reason for going to see IGOR AND THE LUNATICS would be to fatten the wallets of Michael Herz and Lloyd Kaufman, the reprehensible bandits oiling the gears of the Fromm slime machine. Stay away!

TROLL- John Buechler, sole fx whiz for Charles Band's Empire Releasing (GROULIES, FUTURE COP, etc.), steps up to the big league with this, his first directorial effort. Teaming with screenwriter Ed Naha, wisecracking movie reviewer for the NY Post, the two have devised a wildly-original, wacky horror fantasy that far surpasses anything Band has done himself under the Empire banner. Filmed in Italy to cut production costs, the flick is concerned with a monster troll possessing a young girl in a San

PRAY FOR DEATH- A few readers have written to complain about wasting already-cramped space reviewing karate rice operas in the pages of the G.C. Their points are well-taken, but when this genre is currently serving up some of the most violent and mayhem packed-efforts on the market today, how can it be ignored? Case in point: PRAY FOR DEATH. This film received an I rating for extreme violence from the MPAA when reviewed last fall and 30 of its original 123 minutes have been taken out in order to secure a more profitable R rating. What is left is still pretty strong stuff as exalted Ninja potentate Sho Kosugi acts as a slant-eyed Charles Bronson, exacting vengeance single-handedly on a group of American thugs and corrupt cops who trash his sushi restaurant, rape and murder his wife

francisco apartment house. With the aid of an eerily-glowing spiked ring, the girl can transform other tenants of the building into entire forests (yep, forests) of mini trolls via some nifty Buechler air bladder transformations. The only people hip to this hi-jinx are old witch June Lockhart (LASSIE's mom) who hatted the troll universe in a previous life and the girl's older brother who gets the tar wheeled out of him every time he attempts to squeal to his parents that his sister is really a hairy old troll. Before the predictable showdown of good magic vs. evil trolls, Buechler and Naha pack the film with an interesting array of character actors including Sonny Bono as a dorky macho swinger, Michael Moriarty (Q, THE STUFF) as the kids' father who gets off on blasting BLUE CHERRY albums and eating White Castle hamburgers and Phil Fondacaro as a dying midget who digs THE BLUES MAGDOOS, bringing a Joe Dante-esque style of nostalgia and tongue-in-cheek humor to a story that is just too stupid to play straight. TROLL's PG-13 rating hampers any display of graphic gross, but the madcap pace and nifty monsters of this entertaining gem should entertain all but the most overly sadistic. See it!

THE ELIMINATORS- Glutting the exploitation market with no less than three releases in one month, this newest action effort from Charles Band's Empire Releasing has to be their most ambitious effort to date. Filmed in Spain on what appears to be a rather lavish budget, ELIMINATORS serves up a smorgasbord of recent successful films, combining plot elements of ROMANCING THE STONE, THE TERMINATOR, and REVENGE OF THE NINJA in a shaky mix concerning a mad android-creating scientist who is trying to transport himself back to ancient Rome where he intends to usurp the throne of Julius Caesar. A cyborg, sultry blonde physicist, money-grubbing mercenary and master Ninja all have different axes to grind against this villain and they team together to launch an assault on his hidden jungle fortress. All this action is kept safely within the parameters of the film's PG rating, leaving the flick little more than a big budget, Saturday morning made-for-TV kiddie adventure extravaganza of virtually no interest to gorehounds. First time director Peter Manoglas gives a fine gloss and quick pace to this epic and a haggard Andrew Prine (BARN OF THE NAKED DEAD) chews the scenery hilariously as the mercenary, but THE ELIMINATORS must definitely be eliminated from the "must-see" list of anyone over the age of 10.

RAD GIRLS DORMITORY- Not much room left as we go to press, but this juicy "girls in the dorms" sleaze potboiler was made by ex-New

American (PSYCHO FROM TEXAS, etc.) executress Cindy DePaula and former bone-idol director of the jazz set Joe Gage (here attempting to hide from past celluloid transgressions by reverting back to his real name Tim Kincaid). The flick popped up at 42nd St.'s Times Square Theatre late in January for a fast 7 day run. GIRLS acting is awful, the pace numbingly plodding and the plot contains holes big enough to remind Tim of his Ramrod days, but abundant nudity, filthy dialogue and some grisly bloodletting from Ed French (BLOODSUCKING FRAKS, etc.) make the film well worth checking out. Reportedly made at a cost of only \$80,000 (unheard of in this day and age for a 35mm production), RAD GIRLS DORMITORY packs more punch, shock and grit into its 93 minutes than most films made at 100 times the budget, flaws notwithstanding. Try to check this film out and let's hope there's more tasty trash forthcoming from this odd couple!

FOR SALE: Original one-sheet posters from the following films: Russ Meyer's BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRAVIOLETS and UPI, THE HILLS HAVE EYES (orig.), TOXIC ZOMBIES, DOOMED TO DIE, THE MUTILATOR, GORILLA '85, and SUGAR HILL AND HER ZOMBIE HIT MEN (a must for fans of Negro trash epics). All posters are in mint condition and cost only \$9.00 each (plus \$1 postage). Supplies are limited, so send your checks or money orders off today to the G.C. c/o our masthead address. Remember, your poster want lists are always welcome!

RARE VIDEOS: Good quality copies of Alejandro (El Topo) Jodowski's THE HOLY MOUNTAIN, the ultra-rare uncut LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET (a 1978 depravity that even turned the stomachs of the G.C. staff!), Jerry Gross' I DRINK YOUR BLOOD (wild hippies contract rabies after eating tainted meat pies and become flesh-starved cannibals in this classic which was the first film to be rated X for violence by the MPAA), Russ Meyer's MUDHONEY, and THE RE-ANIMATOR (1985's G.C. Gorefilm of the Year). Also, our SURPRISE TITLE (which has been selling like hotcakes) is still available. (Send an S.S.A.E. for the identity of this gem!). All titles are in VHS ONLY! and are \$19.95 each (plus \$7.00 postage). Please allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery!!! Send checks or money orders to the G.C. c/o our masthead address.

The G.C. Film Series continues successfully every Wednesday night at The Dive, 257 W. 29th St. (at 8th Ave.) in Manhattan. The

program for the next few weeks is as follows:

- 2/12: THEY DON'T CUT THE GRASS ANYMORE
- 2/19: THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH
- 2/26: LAST HOUSE ON A DEAD END STREET
- 3/5: FASTER, MISSYCAT, KILL! KILL!